

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 21.

Boston, July, 1888.

No. 2.



SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

(*Actitis macularia* (LINN.))

## PEET WEET, THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

Running swiftly along the sandy beach of the seashore, or probing the mud on the margin of some quiet pool, or balancing himself on a rock that rises above the surface of a brawling stream, you may find the Spotted Sandpiper any day from the early spring to the late summer. One of our commonest birds throughout

the whole country, he is equally abundant along the surf-beaten sands of Long Island, the sluggish sloughs of Illinois, the mud-laden, hurrying waters of the great Missouri River and the streams of California, and wherever found he is the same familiar, trustful little fellow, always busy about his own affairs, and having no time at all to attend to those of other people. There is one exception to this rule, if his nest is approached, or he imagines that you are about

to harm his downy young that on unsteady legs are following him and his wife about, learning how to make their living, then indeed the Spotted Sandpiper makes a dismal outcry, and both parents fly about you with piercing shrieks which tell plainly enough the story of their distress and the affection which they feel for their brood.

At such times the mother resorts to every artifice to lead the enemy away from her young.

She flutters on the ground almost at your feet, as if she were badly hurt and quite unable to fly, but if you attempt to catch her she manages by a few desperate wing beats to elude your grasp, and again struggles just before you, trembling and panting and with feebly beating wings, as if the effort she had just made had really been the last of which she was capable, and now you had only to step forward and take her in your hand. If you attempt it, you will find that she can still struggle onward, and so, step by step, she will lead you from her children, who, at the first sharp note which warned them of danger, squatted on the ground and remain perfectly motionless. As they are slate gray in color it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the stones among which they lie concealed. After the dangerous intruder has been drawn far enough from the spot where the young are hidden, all the mother's vigor returns to her, and she flies away in triumph to return in a little while, and call the young out of their hiding places. It is a pretty sight to see the reunion of the little family and to observe the air of proud satisfaction with which the mother leads them away.

Being one of our most common birds, it is found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in Alaska and Florida—also in the West India Islands and in Mexico, and Central and South America.

It reaches the Middle States from the South early in April in small flocks, which soon separate into pairs. Nesting is begun in May, and the site chosen varies much with the surroundings. Sometimes the nest is close to the bank of some little brook or still pool, and at others it may be at quite a distance from the water in a pasture, under a hedgerow, or among the weeds on the edge of a potato field. In such locations a little hollow is scraped in the ground, and on a rough lining of a few blades of dried grass the eggs are deposited. Sometimes the nest is more elaborate and better finished, for Audubon describes those found by him on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as being quite large and well lined. Others still, found on the coast of Labrador, were even more worthy the name of nests, being made of dry moss and carefully lined with duck's feathers and dried grass. These nests were concealed under ledges of rock, and were so well hidden that they probably would not have been discovered had it not been that the birds flew out as the naturalist was passing by.

The eggs are always four in number and are a dull cream color or grayish-yellow, and thickly spotted with blotches of dark brown and black, which are much more numerous about the larger end.

The young leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and follow the mother as her chickens do a hen. Their food is at first flies and small insects, and as they grow older, water insects, snails and small shells. After the young have become able to fly, the family still remain together, and being joined by other individuals, they keep in flocks, often of a dozen individuals, until the approach of cold weather, in October or early November, when they begin their journey southward.

The flight of the Spotted Sandpiper is rapid and sustained, and when a flock is flying by, they swing from side to side, showing now their dark backs and again the white of their under parts. Sometimes they huddle closely together and again spread out. They circle and turn with surprising quickness. As soon as a flock alights the birds scatter out, running along the shore or upon floating drift stuff, hunting for food, and often wading out in the water until it is too deep for them to touch the bottom, when they swim easily and quite rapidly. When shot over the water and only wounded they often attempt to escape by diving, using their wings for progression under water.

The Spotted Sandpiper is a gentle and unsuspicious little bird, and readily answers and moves toward an imitation of its call note.

Within a few years past, many Spotted Sandpipers have been killed for hat decoration, and their distorted skins have adorned the headgear of many thoughtless women.

[We are indebted for the preceding cut and the description to "The Audubon Magazine," N. Y.]

#### FROM THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

*Harper's Weekly.*

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hello yourself, Yank!"

"Merry Christmas, Johnny!"

"Same to you, Yank!"

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold.

#### THE PICKET GUARD.

[One of the most touching poems of our civil war was the one which we give below. When first printed it brought tears to many eyes, and few will read it unmoved even after the lapse of a quarter of a century.]

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,

Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,  
Will not count in the news of the battle;  
Not an officer lost—only one of the men  
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn  
moon,  
Or the light of the watch-fire gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind  
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;  
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's  
tread,  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And he thinks of the two, in the low trundle  
bed,  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,  
Grown gentle, with memories tender,  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—  
For their mother—may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as  
then—  
That night when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to her lips, when low murmured  
vows  
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling;  
And gathers his gun closer up to his place,  
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree;  
The footstep is lagging and weary;  
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of  
light,  
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the  
leaves?  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-by!"  
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night!  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the  
dead—  
The picket's off duty forever!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

#### I WATCHED FOUR BOYS.

Last summer I sat in a yard and watched four little boys at their game of "hop-scotch." These noisy, rollicking boys, full of life and fun, were alive to their play.

Were they good and kind? I can safely answer, Yes. Shall I tell you why? Out from under the doorstep where I sat and near the field marked out for the game, came a bright-eyed little toad. "There he is!" "There is No. 1!" they shouted. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He was one of them. They said he came out every night and many others beside. Sure enough, while I sat there I counted more than a dozen of these little fellows in different parts of the yard. They were out for their evening sport as well as the boys. The boys loved to see them and would let no one hurt them. Would not you call that kindness to dumb animals? N. F. J.

#### DE-HORNING OF CATTLE.

We take the following from the *North Western Live Stock Journal* of May 25:

Wm. Horne says of de-horning in *Country Gentleman*: "I know of quite a number of animals whose heads nearly rotted off. Five absolutely breathe through the apertures whence the horns came off. I know of twenty-seven animals which were dis-horned; five of them came near dying, two did die, and all the rest degenerated."



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain. Religion is the starlight of the soul.—Ruskin.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY OF MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY P. C. A.

6064. Jamestown, R. I. Volunteers Band.  
P., Cornelia M. Cory.
6065. Hollister, Cal. Meth. Epis. S. S. Band.  
P., Mrs. S. A. Shields.
6066. Gilroy, Cal. P., Rev. G. M. Spencer.
6067. Dayton, Ohio. 7th District School. Audubon Band.  
P., Lida J. Ferguson.
6068. Thoreau Band.  
P., Alice G. Brown.
6069. Dew Drop Band.  
P., Ella Tomlinson.
6070. Dove Band.  
P., Hattie Baird.
6071. Sky-lark Band.  
P., Bertha Haas.
6072. Buckley Band.  
P., Lizzie McClure.
6073. Wide Awake Band.  
P., Ida J. Wright.
6074. Humming Bird Band.  
P., Mary J. McCullough.
6075. Cheerful Band.  
P., Netta Stokes.
6076. Nightingale Band.  
P., Mary S. Osborne.
6077. Oriole Band.  
P., Clara H. Mahoney.
6078. Helping Hand Band.  
P., Louise B. Nolan.
6079. Robin-redbreast Band.  
P., Julia B. Thompson.
6080. Mocking-bird Band.  
P., Louise A. Troy.
6081. Blue-bird Band.  
P., Eda Hurdle.
6082. Happy Workers Band.  
P., Mary J. Keifer.
6083. Sunshine Band.  
P., Esther A. Widner.
6084. Marion, Ind. P., Mrs. M. O. Cammack.
6085. Thomasville, Neb. Loyal T. Legion Band.
6086. Uniontown, Kansas. P., J. W. Caldwell.

6087. Cairo, Ill. Hope Band.  
P., Isabella M. Rittenhouse.
6088. Violet Band.  
P., Jennie S. Schutter.
6089. I'll Try Band.  
P., Chas. Bowler.
6090. I'll Succeed Band.  
P., Irene Vanvactor.
6091. Golden Wreath Band.  
P., Lucinda Wilson.
6092. Faithful Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. Anna Madison.
6093. Pansy Band.  
P., Fannie D. Carter.
6094. Red Rose Band.  
P., Betty E. Hogan.
6095. Oakley Band.  
P., Effie Lansdon.
6096. Clendenen Band.  
P., C. B. Stevenson.
6097. Silver Cord Band.  
P., Edmonia A. Hatchett.
6098. Golden Star Band.  
P., Rachel C. Jones.
6099. Star of West Band.  
P., Ida A. Christie.
6100. Golden Rule Band.  
P., Charles Duncan.
6101. Never Failing Band.  
P., Ida A. Coleman.
6102. Safford Band.  
P., Lizzie D. Wood.
6103. Earnest Workers Band.  
P., Ella F. Armstrong.
6104. Jacksonville, Fla. P., Mrs. E. L. Goodhue.
6105. Holliston, Mass. Loyal T. L. Band.  
P., Mary P. Lord.
6106. Spartanburgh, S. C. P., S. M. Carson.
6107. North Raynham, Mass. Delta Band.  
P., Henry W. Hall.
6108. Jacksonville, Fla. Boylan Industrial Home.  
P., Effie E. Wiggins.  
S., Angie E. Ridley.
6109. Cadott, Wis. Blue Ribbon Band.  
P., Gus Kean.  
S., Helen Lotz.
6110. West Newton, Mass. Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss S. M. Clarke.
6111. Brodhead, Wis. P., Sadie Harrigan.
6112. Worcester, Mass. Welcome Band.  
P., Minnie Gilrain.
6113. Providence, R. I. Wm. Penn Band.  
P., Adelaide M. Waterman.
6114. New Haven, Conn. Walker Band.  
P., Fred Gutbrod.
6115. Longwood, Mo. P., Ollie Greer.
6116. Clarkson, N. Y. Loyal Band.  
P., Cornelia J. Barker.
6117. New Orleans, La. Chestnut Band.  
P., Lotta Collins.
6118. New Orleans, La. Children's Band.  
P., Genevieve Huck.
6119. Providence, R. I. Try Band.  
P., Minnie W. Mason.
6120. I'll Try To Be Kind Band.  
P., M. L. Peterson.
6121. Westborough, Mass. Friendly Help's No. 2 B'd  
P., Wallie Marshall.  
S., Marion Moses.
6122. Londonderry, Pa. P., Mary P. Coates.
6123. Cairo, Ill. Tulip Band.  
P., Lucy D. Gray.
6124. Bird Band.  
P., Nellie Foss.
6125. Cape Jessamine Band.  
P., S. H. Risley.
6126. Golden Age Band.  
P., Mary Zimmerman.
6127. Candee Band.  
P., Corinne B. Chuk.
6128. Western Springs, Ill. Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mrs. A. B. Hill.
6129. Crawfordsville, Ind. Chickadee Band.  
P., Mrs. L. G. Morrison.
6130. Humm'g Birds of Athens.  
P., Lovind Surface.
6131. Robins of Athens.  
P., Harry Alfrey.
6132. Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. L. G. Morrison.
6133. Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mrs. S. G. Willson.
6134. Ohio, Missouri. School Band.  
P., Virgil W. Pyatt.
6135. Providence, R. I. What Cheer Band.  
P., Abby G. Shaw.  
Cheyney, Pa. Thornbury Band.  
P., Wm. H. Green.



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, July, 1888.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk street.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

Our list shows sixty-nine new "Bands of Mercy" this month. We had ninety-seven last month. The total number being now six thousand one hundred and thirty-six.

## GEO. NOYES.

By the death of George Noyes, on June 12th, Our Massachusetts Society has lost a wise counsellor and warm friend. For over twenty years he has been a director, constantly attending our meetings, and serving much of the time as chairman and otherwise upon our committees. He was born in Dedham, Mass., about fifty-seven years ago. Early in life became connected with the Press, was a prominent member of the Mercantile Library Association, the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, the Joseph Warren Lodge of Masons and St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and at one time was Superintendent of a Mission Chapel on Fort Hill. As the manager and chief proprietor of the "*Massachusetts Ploughman*," and as one of the trustees of the State Agricultural College and a prominent officer of the N. E. Agricultural Society, he was known widely throughout not only the State but the entire country. To him our agriculturists are indebted for those weekly meetings and discussions of farmers held for several years past, in a hall rented by him, which have been so widely reported by the press. His whole life has been singularly earnest and useful, and his death makes a vacancy in our Society and the interests of agriculture very hard to fill.

On May 29th, he went to his home at Savin Hill, Dorchester, for the last time. On June 12th, at 12.30 P. M., he died of disease of the heart while sleeping, and without pain, and on June 15th he was buried in the family resting place at Dedham, with Episcopal and Masonic ceremonies.

Farewell good friend and brother. May we meet again in a higher and happier world where there shall be no more death, pain or sorrow!

RESOLUTIONS passed by the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, June 20, 1888:

*Resolved*, that by the death of our friend and counsellor, Geo. Noyes, this Society and those it represents have met with a great loss which we deeply feel.

*Resolved*, that while we humbly trust that our loss may be his gain, our kindest sympathies are extended to all allied to him by blood or otherwise who share with us in this affliction.

## RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

We are glad to say that the receipts of our Society's last financial year exceeded those of the previous year about three thousand dollars, and the Society's work *was increased* in the same proportion. We hope to be able to make a similar, or still better, statement one year from this time.

## LUCKY COINCIDENCE OR KIND PROVIDENCE.

On June 8th, Mr. James W. Webster, Treasurer of *The National Institute of Instruction*, called at our office to say that the many hundred teachers connected with that organization, coming from various parts of the country, are to meet in Newport, R. I., July 9th to 13th, and that if we wished to have humane literature distributed among them, he would see it faithfully done.

Within two hours from the call of that gentleman came a letter from one of our Vice-Presidents containing a check for \$342 to pay the cost of special officers to protect horses at our various beaches during the hot weather and \$58 to be used in distributing humane literature as we might think best, and so we shall take pleasure in supplying *The National Institute of Instruction* with our humane literature.

## FLORIDA AND OTHER PLACES.

We are glad to announce as one of the good results of the work done in Jacksonville, Fla., the past winter, by Miss Annie M. Dore, niece of our good friend Hon. John C. Dore, of Chicago, that Mr. Wm. M. Artrell, Principal of the graded school in Jacksonville, is to spend the summer in forming "Bands of Mercy" and Humane Societies in Florida, being supplied by us with literature.

We are also glad to announce that Rev. L. G. Hay is to do a similar work with our literature in Minnesota.

Mr. C. S. Hubbard is distributing our literature and forming Bands of Mercy and Humane Societies in Indiana and Illinois.

## NEXT FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN.

A good general plans his campaign, studies the strength of his army and the obstacles likely to be met. In humane work, to be successful, we must do the same.

We have already prepared a plan for our next fall and winter campaign. At present it is too early to announce it, and we can only say it contemplates new work in the State and a vastly increased missionary work outside the State in those States and Territories where such work is most needed.

The only question is in regard to the amount we shall be able to gather in our *Missionary Fund* between now and the first of October. *Every donation will help.*

## TOLEDO, OHIO.

Annual Report of Toledo Society, J. M. Brown, Esq., President, L. G. Richardson, Secretary, shows considerable good work for children and animals and great need of funds.

## \$25.

## DOCKING AND DOG-FIGHTING.

I am authorized by the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to offer prizes of twenty-five dollars each for evidence by which the Society shall be able to convict parties who violate the laws of Massachusetts by dog-fighting, cock-fighting, or docking the tails of horses.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## OUR DAILY PAPERS.

The great newspapers of our cities in their keen competition are constantly studying what kind of reading will be most likely to hold and increase their circulation, and probably no more correct estimate of the average public sentiment of any community can be obtained than from the columns of our daily papers. In communities where six columns of their papers are given to bull-fights, dog-fights or prize fights, and only six lines to the monthly meetings of humane societies, no matter how many churches and missions there may be, it is evident there is need of humane education. There is a perpetual conflict between the army of mercy and the armies of cruelty—a conflict, not only for the protection of dumb animals, but also for the protection of property and life, and we think it the duty of every good man and woman either to enlist as a working soldier, or help furnish the means which shall enable the soldiers to fight successfully.

## GIFTS TO THE MISSIONARY FUND.

May 28, 1888.

"I enclose check for \$10 with best wishes."  
C.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, June 3, 1888.

"Many thanks for your good work for our dumb friends, and please accept a check for \$100, to dispose of as you wish."

S. R. O.

## BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

One of our readers said to us the other day:

"I can always read your paper without getting tired." In our May number we published highly commendatory notices of it from the New York Tribune and sixty-one other papers. North, South, East and West.

How have we won them?

(1.) We read in whole or part not less than fifty articles for every one we print.

(2.) We condense many articles into one-half, one-quarter, one-tenth the space they occupy when they come to us.

(3.) We remember that our constituency reaches not only over the whole country but to some extent over the world, and give little space to most matters of local interest outside of Massachusetts [which furnishes our money.]

(4.) We advertise nothing but our work.

(5.) We print no dull article, though written by the President of the United States.

(6.) We print nothing objectionable to Protestant, Roman Catholic, or any Sect.

(7.) We have constantly in mind the various classes of readers whom we are to interest and how to accomplish on the whole the most good.

## A SCENE IN ROME.

Extract from "Roba Di Roma."

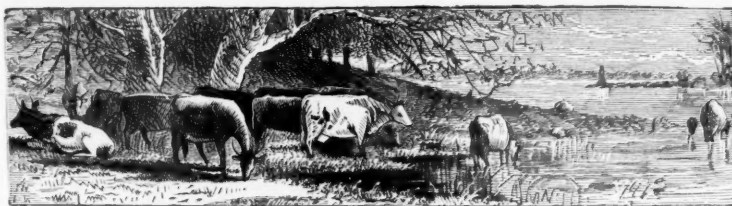
BY W. W. STORY.

In nothing does the kindness of the Romans show itself more than in their treatment of the dumb beasts who serve them. It is very rare to see in the streets of Rome those reckless and brutal exhibitions of violence and cruelty to animals that are but too often seen in England and America. The French system of vivisection is here, thank God! unknown. This people is passionate, but not cruel in its nature. The church, too, takes animals under its protection, and on the day dedicated to Sant' Antonio a celebration takes place which is characteristic, and, to my mind, full of humanity and good feeling, and calculated to produce a good effect on the people. This is the annual blessing of animals which takes place on the 17th of January, when all the horses, mules and donkeys in Rome are taken to the church of Sant' Antonio to receive a benediction. The doors are thrown wide open, and the church and altar are splendid with candles, and the crowd pours in and out to see the pictures and make the sign of the cross. The priest stands at the door, and, with a broom dipped in holy water, sprinkles the animals, as they pass in procession before him, and gives them his benediction. All the horses in Rome are there, from the common hack to the high-bred steed of the prince; some adorned with glittering trappings, some covered with scarlet cloth and tinsel, with red roses at each ear, and tufts and plumes of gay feathers nodding at their heads. The donkeys come too, and often bray back their thanks to the priest. But see, there is a rustle in the crowd—who comes now? It is Gaetano, coachman of Prince Piombino, and prince of coachmen, mounted on an open car, and driving his magnificent team of fourteen horses with an easy skill which provokes the plaudits of the crowd. Up he comes, the people opening before him, and, triumphantly receiving his benediction, passes on gallantly and sweeps around into the great Piazza of Sta. Maria Maggiore, followed by the eyes of all. And here, too, are the great black horses of the cardinals, with their heavy trappings and scarlet crests, lumbering up with their luxuriant coaches all glittering with golden carving, to receive the blessing of Sant' Antonio. All honor to thee, good saint, who blestest, in thy large charity, not man alone, but that humble race who do his work and bear his burdens, and murmur not under his tyrannical inflictions—that inarticulate race who suffer in patient silence "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!" Thy effigy shall be hung upon my stable-walls, as it is in every stable in Rome.

"NO PAPER EVER LIVED THAT HAS DONE SO MUCH PHILANTHROPIC WORK AS HAS OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Among the hundreds of kind notices we have received within the past year from the press in almost or quite every State and Territory we remember none that we liked better than this:

"Our Dumb Animals has entered upon its 21st volume. No paper ever lived that has done so much philanthropic work as has Our Dumb Animals."—Peabody, Massachusetts, Reporter, June 23d, 1888.



SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

## OUR BRIGHTON ABATTOIR.

The Boston Herald of June 10, 1888, gives in a three column article with six pictorial illustrations, a most interesting description of our Brighton abattoir, which we claim as one of the grandest results of the formation and work of our Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

We have not space for the article but cut from it the following:

Only cattle, sheep and calves are slaughtered at the Brighton abattoir. The sheep are knocked on the head; the cattle are shot. This slaughtering is not very agreeable to the unaccustomed visitor, although it is done with the greatest dispatch imaginable and with as much of humane treatment as the transaction will afford. The cattle come mostly from the West by rail, and are brought to the neighboring stock yards, from which points they are driven into pens at the abattoir. By an ingenious system of inclined, covered ways the cattle are admitted to the slaughter houses. These ways are so arranged that the cattle ascend them and enter their respective stalls without anybody having to touch them, so that there is no danger in driving the beasts. When the cattle enter their stalls the doors close behind them by an automatic arrangement, and the animals stand facing the iron-barred gates which open directly into the slaughter house. Then one of the workmen takes a rifle of about 32 calibre and aims it at the centre of an animal's forehead, just above the eyes, fires, and the beast drops instantly.

## THE JEWISH SYSTEM IS DIFFERENT.

The instrument used is a long knife, with the very keenest possible edge. It is drawn once across an animal's throat sinking deep into the neck, which it sometimes nearly severs from the body. The killing must be done at one stroke. Two would be regarded as a mutilation, and mutilated beasts will not be eaten by the Jews. After the killing, the knife is cleaned until it is absolutely spotless, and it is then wrapped in several layers of cloth and put away where no Gentile hands may touch it. All this killing and dressing is done according to the laws of the Jewish church established and adhered to from time immemorial. The person who performs the office is vested with the authority of the Jewish church, and it is for him to see that the beast, in every part, internal and external, is in perfect condition, else the carcass must be rejected. The meat when cleaned and dressed, is hung up in the ordinary way, but each separate and distinct piece must have the seal of the synagogue affixed to it. This ceremonial is performed by the slaughterer lighting a stick of sealing wax with a candle, and then impressing it with his seal, which is then tied through a slit in the meat made by another knife. Thus every identical parcel of flesh intended for Jewish consumption is dressed and sealed, and it may be interesting to note here that the Jews use only the forequarter, rejecting the hindquarter altogether.

## NOT FRIGHTENED.

If you try to frighten a Japanese dog by picking up a stone you do not succeed. A Japanese dog is not in the habit of having stones thrown at him or being ill treated in any way. He therefore looks at you in blank surprise. If he wishes to take a nap in the middle of the road, he does so and sleeps as long as he wants to; everybody will turn out for him as a matter of course.—Japanese Pets.

## THE YOUNG CRUSADER.

The Young Crusader, temperance paper of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, published in Chicago, in its issue of May 4th, gives a very interesting exercise for the Loyal Legion. The Spirit of Freedom personated by a young lady dressed in white tells how freedom sought in vain for a resting place in the ancient republics. To this Western Continent she gave first, Leif Ericsson the Northman—then Columbus—then the Puritans—then the Patriots of the Revolution—then came civil war and threatened all.

Now threaten Want and Crime: produced by the Demon of drink. All these are personated by various actors, with appropriate words and music.

At last come the "Loyal Legions" of children with their badges and banners, singing the songs of battle and victory:

"We are coming, we are coming,  
Our birthright to restore,  
We are coming to the rescue,  
With a hundred thousand more."

\*Let the welkin ring with cheers  
For our youthful volunteers;  
We are marching on the Fatherland to save.  
We shall conquer as we go,  
And when we have crushed the foe,  
We shall wear the victor laurels of the brave."

We have been a good deal stirred by reading this beautiful exercise.

## HOW OUR READERS, OLD AND YOUNG, CAN MAKE MONEY.

We offer to all who secure four or more annual fifty cent subscriptions to this paper one-half the money. Every boy or girl who gets four makes a dollar—if forty, ten dollars—if four hundred, one hundred dollars. A Boston boy fourteen years old has just sent in eighteen subscriptions and receives for them four dollars and fifty cents. He is going to get a musical education and is going to pay for it by getting subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals." Thousands of other boys and girls can do the same. We want a million subscribers and do not want to make a single penny out of the subscriptions. We will send sample copies to all who wish to canvass. On receipt at this office in money, or postoffice orders, or express orders, or postage stamps, or checks on Boston or New York, of the four or more half subscriptions, we will send the paper as ordered for one year. We hope that some man, woman or child in every town, not only in Massachusetts but in America, will in the interest of the dumb animals whom we are trying to protect engage in this work.

We believe there is no better way to wake up public sentiment on this subject in any city or town, North, South, East or West, than to get the best and most influential people to subscribe for, read, and circulate this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## RUSSIANS AND CHINESE.

Among the papers and magazines coming to our table from Societies and others in various parts of the world, in a great variety of languages, are several from Russia and China, which after turning in various ways we can make nothing of, nor do we happen to know anyone who can. We hope the friends who send them can read English.

## OUR DOG IN CHURCH.

We are indebted to Wheeler & Wilson for this beautiful picture in another column.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING OF BIRDS.  
A TRUE STORY.

By Prof. Samuel Lockwood.

Much has been said on reasoning by animals. Of the fact there can be no doubt; of its nature too little is known. But I think less still is known of the emotions of animals. Take an affectionate dog; how he suffers from jealousy! Our little Prince was completely miserable if his mistress took the neighbor's baby on her lap.

Several times I have been eye-witness to an emotion of a high order among the birds—namely, sympathy with other birds in distress. Yes, and though it may challenge belief, I did once, to my own grief, see a gathering of wild birds for sympathy and indignation.

But if it is to be credited, I must narrate the particulars.

When a college student I was taken very ill in my Sophomore year, and gaining strength but slowly after the crisis had passed, the doctor ordered me into the country, away from my books.

I boarded at a farm-house, and gave myself entirely up to the woods and fields—in a word, I devoted myself to nature's book.

Through an entire summer I studied lovingly the ways of the birds. I even determined to raise some young thrushes and take them with me to my city home in the fall.

My selection was a nest of brown thrushes. It was in a thick mass of bushes in a swamp. It was an entanglement of wild growth, and almost impenetrable.

Every day I watched, from the eggs to the callow young. I resolved to allow the old birds two weeks; then I would assume the raising of the young ones.

At last the day came, and all my preparations were made. Taking with me a cage. I worked my way through the dense undergrowth. Very carefully I moved the nest, and was trying to get it into the cage, when the female bird arrived. She uttered a cry, almost a shriek, and disappeared, but returned immediately with her mate.

The two birds made a wild effort to drive me away, even flying at me, with every demonstration of rage and distress. Then, to my surprise, they both left.

I now felt so mean and had that I at once set about putting the nest back in the bush; but it gave me a good deal of trouble, as I could not make it stay in its place.

What now? The two old birds are back, accompanied with a whole bevy of wild birds. The entire copple is alive with them. They seem bent on picking my eyes out. I have to screen my face by holding the cage before it.

As to these birds—their number, and variety, and conduct—all together, it was an extraordinary scene. I do not think my imagination was at fault, but it seemed to me there were at least fifty of these indignant little bodies, and perhaps a dozen species, some flying at me, and all making angry demonstrations.

There were brown thrushes, song thrushes, cat-birds, and several of the warblers. Such an uproar—mewing, shrieking, twittering and other cries, a babel of bird sounds! It all meant distress and rage. But such a mix-up! All talked at once. The one keynote of the discord was distress and indignation.

I got out of that swamp a wiser and a better youth. My conscience smote me, and my only solace lay in the thought that I had done my best to undo the mischief I had wrought.

The next morning I again went to the swamp to see how matters stood. How softly I worked my way through the bushes! How deathly still everything was! The young birds had gone. I did so want to know how the old birds had managed matters, and how it fared with the little ones.

That indignation meeting of the birds occurred a great many years ago; but the scene is still vivid to my mind.

Among the higher birds, the thrushes and the warblers, occasionally occurs an interesting exhibition of sympathy for another when in trouble.

One winter, just after a snow-storm, a bevy of snow-birds appeared near my house. I fed them crumbs, and they stayed with us several days. They got a little bold, even coming up to the kitchen steps to get their rations. There was, however, one exception.

A fence separated the old apple orchard from the house. lot, and I observed that one bird kept on the fence-rail, never venturing nearer to the feeding-place. To my surprise and delight, the reason of it was soon made plain.

The poor little fellow was lame of one wing; so he must not be too bold, as, in the event of danger, he must have some vantage for escape. So an old bird took him crumbs at every feeding-time.

But the most remarkable act in my knowledge of a bird in sympathy with another in distress was performed by a robin not two hundred yards from my house. It was a deed of daring, and in the highest degree heroic.

A sparrow-hawk had pounced on a poor sparrow in the street, and was bearing it away. A robin from his maple tree witnessed the act, and instantly started in pursuit.

High in the air the noble little fellow caught up with the

buccaneer, and one could hear the short, jerky cries of the hawk as the robin was "pegging in" and making the feathers fly.

The hawk dropped his prey, and the robin returned to the maple tree, where he had left his mate. The sparrow made the best of time to get back to his kind.

Was not that nobly done for the robin—so brave and so magnanimous, too?

## NO MORE BIRDS ON BONNETS.

Ladies are no longer to wear birds on their bonnets and hats. Thus it has been decreed by fashion. The benevolent edict comes just in time to save the last remaining members of the race of humming birds and birds of Paradise. The great forests of India, Brazil and the banks of the Mississippi have been ransacked, and have yielded up their treasures of winged jewels to adorn the feminine headgear. Now at last there is to be a truce to the massacre, and the pretty denizens of the woods may sing and fly awhile in peace. To estimate the extent of slaughter perpetrated for the sake of womankind's adornment, we may take the statement of a London dealer, who admits that last year he sold 2,000,000 small birds of every possible kind and color, from the soft grey of the wood pigeon to the gem-like splendor of the tropical bird. Even the friendly robin has been immolated to adorn the fashionable bonnet.—*London Queen.*

## HOW SICK DOGS ARE CURED.

The Rev. Mr. Munday, curate of Christ Church, is a lover of dogs, and tells this story:

"There was a fellow in London called 'Kennell Harry,' a name with a semi-military distinction, who sold dog's meat, and kept a sort of private hospital for aristocratic pedigreed dogs. As he always cured the sick ones, I was quite anxious to know what his method was, and asked him one day.

"'Hits me own secret,' he said at first, but he relaxed at sight of a half-crown.

"'You see, sir, w'en one of 'em bloomin' cads as drives me leddy comes and h'axes me will h'i board a sick poodle h'i tips 'im a wink kind of mysterious like. and h'i says, says h'i, h'i'f your leddy will pay well for the priverlidge h'i'll take the dawg an' send 'im 'ome h'as good as new at the end h'of a month, 'an h'i does.'

"Then I asked him if he gave the dogs any medicine."

"'H'i does and h'i doesn't' said Kennell Harry, in his loftiest manner. W'en them bloated dawgs comes to the 'ospital they're as poorly and full of airs as me lady herself. They sulks round, an' w'en h'i goes to feed 'em they turns up their noses at vittals as is good enuff for me. Wot does h'i do? H'i shuts 'em up an' starves 'em, sir, till they're glad to eat hanythink h'as h'i offered 'em. An' afore they gits h'i't they must joomp for h'i't. 'Joomp, ye begger, joomp, will ye,' with a teckle of me whip h'at every word."

"Well, sir, h'i gives 'em a bootifol circulatashun 'an makes 'em h'as lively an' bloom-in' h'as rats. An' by the h'end of a moonth, sir, they're mighty glad to eat vittals wot h'i turns h'up my nose at. An' w'en h'i takes 'em 'ome its 'Oop! 'oop! an' 'ooray! 'ere's Flossie or Doggie h'as fine h'as a fiddle.' An' me leddy says w'en h've charged for the board an' the medicine—*medicine do ye see, sir*—she says: 'I'll make it dooble,' an' the dawg'e jumps lively with me h'vey upon him. That's h'all, sir. Thank'ee, sir."

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

## A BALLAD OF THE WAR.

## THE ATTACK.

TWO little chaps with paper caps,  
Flag flying and drum beating,  
A charge across the meadow made  
Where flocks of geese were eating.

## THE RETREAT.

The geese at this set up a hiss,  
The soldier chaps sought cover,  
And out of breath and badly scar'd—  
The cruel war was over!

F. H. STAUFFER.

## A CAT'S MEMORY.

P. J. Beals has a cat which weighs 14 pounds. When a little kitten he was carried from the store to the house in a basket. When ready to start all that was required was to open the lid of the basket and kitty was always on hand. After a time this method of transportation was abandoned, but the other day it occurred to Mr. Beals as he picked up the basket to try the cat and see if after two years or more he had forgotten the old method of transportation. Opening the lid of the basket he was soon convinced that cats have a good memory, for, though a tight squeeze, Lion was soon in his old position and curled down as ready to be carried as in his young days.—*Belfast Journal.*

## RETORT COURTEOUS.

A rural editor having inserted the paragraph, "Mrs. Blank is a very pretty woman, but she can't act," received the following reply:

Dear Sir: You have very beautiful red whiskers, but you can't edit a newspaper.—*Life.*

## PLEASE READ THIS.

From the Boston Journal, April 7th, 1888.

DEFENDING HIS MASTER'S BODY AND FINALLY BRINGING FRIENDS TO HIS DEATH-PLACE.

Harlan P. Noyes, whose experience is detailed below, passed his youth in Acton, Mass., and will be remembered by many now living, although scattered throughout the country.

The fidelity of his dog in guarding his dead body from the wolves for two weeks will be of interest to all lovers of dumb animals. Mr. Noyes, who had been hauling lumber, left Sherwin's Station in Round Valley on snow shoes for Bodie, taking with him four days' provisions and his dog. As Mr. Noyes was known as an expert mountaineer, no fears were entertained as to his getting through to Bodie without danger to himself until two days ago, when his dog came in alone to Sherwin's Station in a starving condition. J. L. C. Sherwin, himself an old and experienced mountaineer, knowing from the return of the dog and his starving condition that all was not right with his master, started out on the trail with his brother William and his son Bertie Sherwin, each on snow shoes, and found the dead body of Noyes about ten miles from the station in Rock Creek canyon near the old toll house, lying on his face in the snow.

From appearances, Noyes, having got so far on his way, got off his snow shoes and went down to the creek for a drink, and returning must have been taken suddenly with heart disease or some other form of immediate death. The snow about him showed no signs of any struggle—his knapsack, overcoat and snow shoes lying a few feet away. *The dog stayed with the body two weeks without food, and although the four days' rations which Mr. Noyes had taken with him were lying by his side, the dog had not disturbed the food in the least.*

## BATTLE WITH A SWAN.

The popular idea of the swan embraces its gracefulness of form and movement, its shining plumage and the sweetness of its dying song. Mr. G. C. Davies, in his book on the "Norfolk Broads," has more to tell his readers in regard to this fowl. Among other traits he found its readiness to fight in defence of its life and property. The author's experience was instructive.

Sometimes, in exploring a jungle of weeds, you come upon the huge pile of a nest, where one swan is sitting on the eggs, and the other is swimming round keeping guard. If you desire to pass close by the nest at such a time, the best advice to follow is—don't. Try some other channel. A swan can break your arm with his wing, and is only to be kept at bay by hard knocks, which it is a pity to give him.

We once had a desperate fight in this way. We had come suddenly upon a nest, and in trying to retreat the boat stuck fast; and the male swan took advantage of our position to attack us in real earnest. It was no use flying a flag of truce, or telling him we didn't mean it. We were obliged to hit him very hard with an oar before he became convinced of our peaceable intentions and let us go.

Notwithstanding the nests are often placed in very exposed positions, they are never robbed, owing no doubt, to the watch kept by the parent bird.—*The Review.*



## FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD."

By Louisa M. Alcott, in "Youth's Companion."

Being born on the birthday of Columbus I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable Irish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes and salt fish on voyages of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station now stands.

Many an impromptu picnic have I had on the dear old Common, with strange boys, pretty babies and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after.

On one occasion the town-crier found me fast asleep at nine o'clock at night, on a door-step in Bedford Street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfoundland, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there.

I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better friend than the noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

## DANGER TO THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD IN THE ALPS.

Here is what a Protestant contemporary says of the partial destruction by avalanches of the famous Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps:—

The destruction of the Eddystone Lighthouse in a gale would not be more dramatically touching than the ingulfment in this huge snow slope of this Alpine haven of refuge and centre of relief. If the practice of heroic beneficence and of self-denial directed to the most useful as well as the most noble ends, could render any spot of earth holy ground, the Hospice of St. Bernard ought to stand first among the sacred places. There, for nearly a thousand years, the lamp of civilization and of active piety has been aglow in the sternest and bleakest spot that any society of human beings has ever chosen for a retreat. Happily, there is no reason to believe that the accident involves any break in the continuity of these far-reaching traditions. The Church has, indeed, been almost entirely buried in the snow; but the snow can be a kind protector when it pleases. The summer's sun, however, will restore to light and air the walls which, for two centuries, have been hallowed by prayers as true as were ever breathed by the devout. The work to which the Fraternity of St. Bernard dedicated themselves is a perfect illustration of the old maxim, *Laborare est orare*. Whether, when St. Bernard came 916 years ago, from the quiet hamlet of Menthon to the icy solitude of the pass, he contemplated in all its fullness the future of the community he established there, it is vain to speculate. But the Brotherhood in its worst times was true to the mission of humanity, and still, in the altered conditions of modern life, it maintains unimpaired the ancient standard of lofty courage, of unstinted hospitality and never-wearing zeal. There are recluses who carry asceticism, in the sense of self-denial, as far as the Brothers of St. Bernard; but there are none who, by foregoing their own delights, contribute so much to the welfare of their fellow-men. Few examples of sacrifice can surpass that of the young man who leaves the comfort of the pleasant valleys of Savoy, and consecrates deliberately what measure of health and energy is meted out to him, to live on the lonely crest—more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—where summer, if it can be said to come at all, only dwells capriciously for three months in the year, and all the remaining nine are claimed by winter in its harshest and most gloomy form.—*Boston Pilot*.

## A COOL-HEADED WOMAN.

The other day a music teacher in a New York public school fell in a fit, and the principal was so hurried that, stepping to the signal box to call an ambulance, he pulled all the hooks. The result was that two ambulances, a fire engine and a squad of police appeared on the scene in a few minutes, while the children, of whom there were fourteen hundred in the building, hearing the engines, were all in a flurry. A panic was avoided by the coolness of an assistant teacher, a woman, who and the fireman at the door and told them there was no fire. *Remarks on the superiority of the stronger sex are now in order.*



OUR DOG IN CHURCH.

## A BABY'S COMMAND.

By LILIAN D. RICE.

JUST three years old our baby,  
A bright young maid was she;  
A grass-plot to her meant country,  
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny lifetime  
Had passed 'midst the houses high,  
Whose tops, to her childish fancy,  
Were part of the arching sky.

So one August day, when his sunship  
Was baking the city brown,  
We carried her off to the seaside,  
Away from the breathless town;

Stripped her of socks and slippers,  
Regardless of freckles and tan,  
And told her to go and frolic  
As only a baby can.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,  
A speck on the sandy shore,  
And gazed at the waves advancing  
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring  
The depth of her little brain,  
As she listened to God's great organ  
Pealing its grand refrain.

At last in her clear child's treble,  
As sweet as a robin's trill,  
With one little finger lifted,  
She cried to the sea, "Be still!"

Ah, dear little, fair-haired baby,  
Like you in this mortal strife,  
There's many a one made weary  
And stunned with the waves of life.

But the billows of both, my darling,  
Are moved at the Master's will,  
And only his voice can hush them,  
By whispering, "Peace be still!"

—The Pansy.

I WILL tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, god-like hatred.—*F. W. Robertson*.

## DOGS IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

The pews were eight feet square, roomy enough almost to keep house in, though not provided with fire-places as is sometimes the case in old parish churches in England. There were seats on the four sides of the pews, with chairs in the centre for the grandfather and grandmother, or the elderly aunt. All the family went to meeting, including the dog. Knowledge of this last custom has always been pleasant to me. Why should not the faithful dog go to church?

I remember being one day at Trinity Church, Boston, and as the vast congregation moved slowly in, I saw among them a beautiful Scotch collie. He walked gravely on, thrusting his nose inquiringly into each pew, evidently searching for his master or mistress. Nobody molested him, and I trust he found the one for whom he was seeking, and heard the choir as they sung:

"O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him forever."

The Scotch shepherd takes his dog with him to Sunday service.

But one Sunday there was a disturbance. In the early Town Records is recorded an annual vote which decrees that hogs shall be suffered to run at large "yoked and ringed according to law." On this particular Sunday one or two of these strayed into the precincts of the meeting-house and began to root around one of the door stones, accompanying their rooting with grunts of unctious satisfaction. The dogs heard them and could not be restrained. They leaped the high pews with their carved railings, and in a body rushed out and drove the intruders away, afterwards returning and decorously re-taking their places. How delightful, how refreshing must such an episode have been to the boys and girls! For weary times they have had sitting out the long service—not only with the eye of the tithing-man upon them, but those of three other grave and reverend seniors, chosen expressly to keep them in order, and to "have inspection over the young people on Sabbath days to prevent their profanation thereof."—[From "All Around the Old Meeting-house," in *April Wide Awake*.]

## WISE DOG.

A prominent resident of Chaplin, engaged in business in the town of Mansfield, Ct., started out fox-hunting on one of the recent bitter cold days. Arriving at the edge of the woods containing the coveted game, he started out his hound. In a few moments he lost sight of his faithful dog, but waited patiently for his return for three hours. Then, becoming benumbed with the cold, he went back to the wagon, where he found the noble hound snugly ensconced beneath the blankets fast asleep!—*Hartford Courant*.

## A STREET INCIDENT.

A New York reporter called to a little boot-black near the City Hall the other day to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out, another large boy ran up, and calmly pushing the little one aside said:

"Here, you go sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new-comer to clear out.

"O! dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can.—savy?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy: and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead;" and as the bootblack plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying,

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents, and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim!"

He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

## THERE HANGS A SABRE.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,  
With rusty buckle and green curb-chain;  
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,  
And a mouldy saddle—*well, that is all.*

Come out to the stable, it is not far—  
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.  
Look within! There's an empty stall,  
Where once stood a charger—and *that is all.*

The good black steed came riderless home,  
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam.  
Do you see that mound, where the dead leaves fall?

The good black horse pined to death—*that's all.*

All? O God! it is all I can speak.

Question me not—I am old and weak.

His saddle and sabre hang on the wall.

And his horse pined to death—I *have told you all.*

—*Francis A. Duricage, in Old and New.*

## PUNCTUALITY.

When eight Quaker ladies had an appointment and seven were punctual, and the eighth, being a quarter of an hour too late, began apologizing for keeping the others waiting, the reply from one of them was, "*I am sorry, friend, that thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but thee had no right to waste one hour and three quarters more of our time, which was not thine own.*" And of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late, and excused himself by saying that his watch was too slow, the reply was, "*You will have to get another watch, or I another secretary.*" Napoleon used to say to his marshals, "*You may ask anything of me but time.*" And of John Quincy Adams it is said that in his long service in Congress he was never known to be late, and one day when the clock struck and a member said to the Speaker, "It is time to call the House to order," the reply was, "*No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat yet.*" And while they were yet speaking, Mr. Adams came in, he being punctual, while the clock was three minutes fast.

## THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.

In the depths of the forest there lived two foxes, who had never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language:

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other: "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh! it can not be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.—*Selected.*

## A BABY BEAVER'S DAM.

A college professor in Maine tells, through the *Lexington Journal*, how he convinced a friend who did not believe that beavers could build dams. He bought a baby beaver of a hunter one day and sent it to his skeptical friend. The beaver became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build dams, until one Monday morning a leaky pail full of water was put on the floor in the back kitchen. The beaver was there; he was only a baby then, too, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail, he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip and commenced building his dam. His owner was called, and watched the little fellow, very much astonished at what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left there, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail. The professor's friend believes now that beavers know a thing or two about dam building.

## THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Mamma (at the foot of the stairs)—Come, Bobby dear, it's time little boys were out of bed. Breakfast is nearly ready.

Bobby—Yes'm-um-m.

Big sister (a little later)—Bob-he-e, breakfast is on the table. Come right down this minute.

Bobby—Yes, yas-um-m.

Old Gentleman (a little later still)—Robert!

Robert—Yes, sir!

## THE HORSE STARTED.

HOW A DETROIT STREET GAMIN CONQUERED A BALKY HORSE.

A rag-peddler who was driving up Gratiot Avenue yesterday had reached Hastings Street when his horse balked. The usual number of smart Alecks were soon on hand with advice, and one suggestion after another was tried in vain. The horse could neither be pulled nor pushed, and as he was blockading the street the crowd began to grow very rapidly.

"What is it?" inquired a boy of twelve who pushed his way into the circle.

"Balky horse," answered some one.

"Where's the owner? Here, you man, can't you start this horse?"

"No, he doan' start oop."

"Wait a minute."

The lad ran up the street half a block and pulled a handful of hay out of a bale at a feed-store, and when he returned he cleared a space in front of the horse, stood off about five feet, and extended his hand. The horse pricked up his ears, his eyes glistened, and he at once advanced and followed the boy around the corner.

"It's according to the hoss," explained the boy, as the crowd cheered. "When a hoss who is fed on scrap-iron and gravel-roof balks, a pinch of hay will lead him all over town."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HORSE.

Never ride a horse without first making his acquaintance and securing his good will. Go to his head, speak kindly, pat him, look in his eyes. Whether you are a friend or a foe, he will judge by your voice, your eye and your breath. Horses judge a man as quick as a man does a horse. Feed and water abundantly at night after work and the animal has had time to rest and cool off. Feed moderately in the morning or before work. More horses are injured by hard driving on a full stomach than by any other process. Never let a horse eat or drink much when he is hot from work. Study your horse, treat him according to his nature, make him your friend, and he will do better and safer work.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## OH! WHAT A CRY OF AGONY.

Oh! what a cry of agony  
Goes up unto God's throne  
From poor dumb creatures, who can speak  
Into His ear alone!

One long, long cry of misery!  
Thro' all the centuries gone,  
From creatures that His hand has made,  
And that He calls His own.

Thank God for "Bands of Mercy!"  
God spread them far and wide,  
Till their glad message shall go forth,  
By every ocean tide,

Till over all the earth and sea,  
No voice of woe be heard,  
But only praise to Him who made  
Man, beast, and fish and bird.

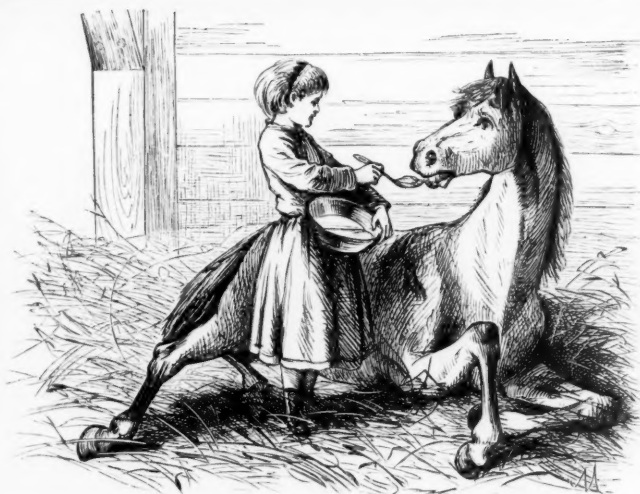
God bless our *Angell* president,  
And make him wise and strong,  
And let the angels from above  
Help the good work along,

Till over all creation,  
O'er mountain, hill and glen,  
Shall roll the glorious harmony,  
Glad nature's grand *Amen!*

Nantasket Beach, June, 1888.

THE smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.—[RICHTER.]





LITTLE GIRL FEEDING A LAME HORSE.

## TWO WAYS.

"There's Petts, driving that lame horse again. It's outrageous!" and Mr. Richmond jumped up from the breakfast table, and hurried to the window.

"Hullo!" he cried, and the sound of wheels stopped. "What do you mean by driving a horse in that condition? Can't you see how lame he is?"

"Yes, I can see it," said Petts, shortly.

"Well, why do you do it then? It's a clear case for the Society for Prevention," but here the wheels started up again, and Mr. Richmond turned from the window red and angry.

"I'll report that fellow this very day," he said; and accordingly, one of the first things he did after reaching his place of business, was to write a letter to the Society with the long name, setting forth in graphic language the inhumanity of John Petts and the sufferings of John Petts's horse. After doing this, he felt a warm spot at his heart all day, and when he went home at night, he told his wife, across his bountiful dinner-table, that he did not count the day wholly lost, for he had done one good deed in it.

About the time he was writing this letter, Judge Farnsworth, coming out of the post-office, with his hands full of letters, had his attention caught by a white horse limping painfully along; attached to him was a job wagon, which bore the legend, "John Petts, Light and Heavy Trucking. Furniture moved with care."

Judge Farnsworth had a heart in which mercy sometimes got the upper hands of justice, and now it was stirred within him. Perhaps the driver of the white horse felt the judge's stern look, for he glanced up suddenly, and met his eye.

If that was John Petts, he hadn't a bad face, but it was very much against him to drive such a horse, and when Judge Farnsworth reached his office, the first thing he did was to take down the directory, and run his finger down the pages, till he came to the name:

"Petts, John, Truckman, h. 16 Dover Street."

He wrote this in his note-book, and then dropped the white horse completely out of his mind, and took up the papers of a great railroad case, and after that the contested will of a millionaire, and after that a disputed water right, and so on, through the day. But when night came, and he set his face homeward, he

went out of his way, and stopped at No. 16 Dover Street.

"He's at the barn, sir," said Mrs. Petts, who answered his knock; "if you will step inside, I will call him."

"No," said the judge, "I can do my errand just as well there," for he intended to say some sharp edged truths to John Petts; but what he saw when he reached the barn, made him change his mind.

He waited a minute or so, before going in, for even a lawyer doesn't always know

just what he wants to say, and while he stood there, he heard a great splashing and rubbing, and a rough but kind voice, saying, "Poor Dick!" "Easy!" "Now the other." Stepping softly inside, he saw John Petts, hot and tired, rubbing the lame legs of the white horse, up and down, up and down, with many soothing words and pats. It didn't seem to help the white horse very much, for when his master backed him, he hobbled and cringed in a pitiful way.

Then John Petts did a very strange thing. He laid his two arms on Dick's dusty, white back, and hid his face in them.

Judge Farnsworth stepped quietly out, and took a turn or two in the small yard; then went up to the barn door with considerable unnecessary noise.

John Petts was busy measuring out some oats. "Is your horse sick?" asked the judge, glancing at the bottles and pails.

"Lame," said John Petts, gruffly.

"Is it anything serious?"

"Yes."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

There was no mistaking the genuine interest and sympathy of the tone, and John Petts was in sore need of sympathy.

"It's the pavements, they say. He began to limp two weeks ago, and he keeps getting worse."

"Wouldn't rest help it?"

"I s'pose so, but it's pretty much the same with horses as 'tis with folks; them that can have the rest, don't need it, and them that need it, can't have it. I've favored Dick all I can, made short days, and let many a good job go, because it would be hard on him, but he keeps gettin' worse. Just see how hot his knees are," and the soft, white hand followed the rough, brown hand up and down the poor, stiff legs, while Dick looked at them with eyes full of troubled inquiry.

"The doctor says if he could rest through the summer he might come out all right, but he can't do that. I'm a poor man; I've only just got my team paid up for, and I can't buy another horse and keep this one idle. And I can't sell him to anybody who would buy a lame horse—just to use him up—you know how 't would be. If he don't get well pretty soon, I don't see any way but he'll have to be killed."

There was a burst of grief from the manger, and a little boy rose up out of it, all tears and hayseed, and throwing his arms about Dick's head, hugged it tightly to him.

"You shan't kill Dick!" he cried, in a passion of grief and anger, "my Dick shan't be killed. He's a good horse, and I'll go away with him and hide him."

"It's my little boy," said John Petts, brushing his rough hand across his own eyes. "I'd forgotten he was there. The children think everything of Dick, and many's the thing they've gone without the past weeks, so that Dick could be doctored."

The judge looked at his watch.

"I must go now," he said, "but I will tell you what I will do. I have a stout work horse at my place just outside the city, that's really suffering for want of something to do, and if you like, you can drive out in the morning, and just harness Chub into your wagon, and leave Dick till he gets well."

"Yes, I mean it," for John Petts looked incredulous. "Dick shall have good care, and it will be a mercy to Chub to exercise him. Good night!" and the judge was gone.

The next day, when the agent for the Society with the long name succeeded in finding John Petts, and it was no easy matter, for John was making up for lost time, there did not seem to be anything to say to him, for the big, fat, lazy horse between the shafts, could, by no stretch of imagination, be considered a sufferer.

But the agent was bound to know what had become of that lame horse, and after a few kind questions, it came out how Dick had gone into the country for his health.

"And I'm glad of it," said the agent, "and I wish there were more Judge Farnsworth's."

"So do I," said John Petts, heartily.

While Mr. Richmond stood waiting for a horse-car to take him home to dinner that night, John Petts drove slowly by with a loaded wagon.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Richmond to himself, looking from the driver to the horse, and from the horse back to the driver, who favored him with such an unmistakable scowl that he was lost in angry amazement and nearly missed his car.

But he regained his spirits after dinner, and told his wife that the Society had attended to that rascal, John Petts, and had probably taken his lame horse away from him; and they had been so prompt about it, *he really believed he'd send them a check for twenty dollars in the morning, to encourage them.*

Taking it all around, I think there never was a case where everybody was so well suited.

Judge Farnsworth laughed from sheer pleasure every time he saw the white horse browsing about, and Dick himself thought he had reached the paradise for good horses when he felt under his poor sore feet the cool earth and soft grass, instead of the flinty city pavements.

Mr. Richmond, ignorant as he was that his way of correcting an evil was not the best way, was gratified by the prompt notice of his complaint; and the Society (*Heaven bless it!*) was glad of the check.

John Petts and his family were thankful from morning till night; and Chub—well, if Chub wasn't *quite* happy, he knew, for the first time, what it was to go to bed tired, and get up and relish his breakfast, which, after all, was really a very good thing for him.—HESTER STUART, in *Youth's Companion*.

A lady teacher in a Harlem school was amazed the other day by seeing a perfect forest of juvenile hands fly up in the air and shake and gesticulate with violent agitation. "What do you want?" queried the puzzled instructor. Chorus—"Yer hair's fallin' off."—*The Beacon*.

## HOW GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID WAS BURIED AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

She died June 6th, at 9 p.m. She was buried with as much care as if she were a human being. Her grave is on the hill overlooking the entire farm. She was lowered into the grave with ropes and placed in the same position she took when she laid down in her stall for the last time, and was covered with straw and flowers before the earth was put in. I intend to erect a monument to her memory.—CHARLES BACKMAN, in *Chicago Horseman*.

## AN INDEX OF HUMANITY'S PROGRESS.

It was a strange sight in a large room in a plain building on State street last Tuesday afternoon. There were three men with aprons on, their sleeves rolled up, examining the jaw of a fine clean-limbed horse; a large case of glittering instruments was open; close by were a bottle of ether and one of chloroform. It was the operating room of the Chicago Veterinary College, and the subject was a bad case of ulcerated decayed tooth which was to be extracted.

The decaying tooth was a molar in the lower jaw on the right side, and the irritation at its base had caused a discharge for eighteen months preceding. The hobbling tackle was placed on his feet, and in a moment he lay struggling on his side in the bed of straw.

A large sponge filled with ether and chloroform was held over his nostrils, and yet it took twenty-four minutes before the limbs relaxed and the bright eyes ceased winking. The difficulty in extracting the grinding (or molar) teeth in horses is readily seen by any one who has ever looked at their jaw-bones. It requires great force, with even the improved forceps now used, and there is often danger of fracturing the jaw-bone. In this case it was decided that trephining was most easy and attended with least possible danger. A small circular piece of the skin was quickly removed right outside the base of the tooth; the trephine (a keen, round saw) soon took away a small disc of the thin bone, and the lower end of the tooth was disclosed. Against this an iron punch was placed, a few strong blows and the offending grinder was out. Within a few minutes the horse was quietly eating as though nothing had happened.—*Chicago Horseman*.

## KATE RANG THE FIRE BELL.

The white mare Kate, which runs the hose carriage of steamer No. 2 to fires, recently went through her usual morning training and also went one better. When the gong sounded one at 6 a.m., to give the correct time, she started for the bell-rope, caught it with her mouth and vigorously pulled it. The bell ringing the fire-call brought out nearly all of the minute men, most of whom live in the immediate vicinity. They rushed to the engine house ready for duty, only to find the handsome Mrs. Kate inwardly smiling at her consciousness of duty faithfully performed. The station men were in the bedroom and rushed down in wonderment, but could do nothing beyond stroking Mrs. Kate's face and leading her to an extra supply of oats.—*Exchange*.

TRUE glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.—*Pliny*.

Good character is above all things else.  
ALWAYS speak the truth.

## LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS.

Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,  
And carried my three little birdies away?  
They hardly were dressed,  
When he took from the nest  
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels to-day,  
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little robins away?  
He had light-colored hair,  
And his feet were both bare.  
Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray:  
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
Who carried my three little birdies away?  
He had pretty blue eyes,  
And was small of his size.  
Ah! he must be wicked and not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;  
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,  
And carrying three little birdies away?  
Did he go through the town,  
Or go sneaking around?  
Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!  
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,  
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;  
I'll sing all day long  
My merriest song,  
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me—  
How happy we were on the old apple-tree,  
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?  
Oh, how can I sing,  
Unless he will bring  
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?  
AUNT CLARA.

## GOOD WAY TO DO IT.

A boy in school was having a very funny time, by sticking a pin into the legs of the boy who sat next him and laughing at his antics. The teacher caught a sight of the proceeding, and taking a pin, went to the first mentioned boy, and said: "Would you like to have a pin stuck into you like that?" He laughed as though he thought it might be a capital joke, whereas the teacher used the pin rather freely, and his jumpings and squirmings, accompanied by his "Ows!" and endeavors to save himself by the use of his hands, attracted the attention of the whole school. The teacher finally asked him what was the matter and why he did not sit quietly, and when he said that he couldn't, "it hurt" so, the teacher said: "Well, that is just the way it feels to other people. Have you had enough of it?" He was very decided in his opinion that he had, and the teacher took occasion to say a few words to the school in regard to their treatment, not only of each other, but of the lower animals. She said: "I saw a boy kill a toad last night, and I wondered if he knew that the toad is a help to us, and if he thought of the toad's suffering." Most of the boys looked thoughtful, a few laughed, and the very boy that killed the toad raised his hand and said: "What good can a toad do?" Upon the teacher's inquiry among the scholars she found that only a few knew anything of the good that a toad does in the garden. It was the means of a reform in that direction, and a talk on the uses of birds revealed the fact that very few of them knew that a bird is of any use whatever.

The above tells the actual fact in regard to millions of children in American schools. And that is why with every increase of *Our Missionary Fund* we are striving to carry humane reading and education into our public schools.

"Is there any such thing as law in this country?" asked a man, excitedly, after a verdict had been rendered against him. "Certainly, there is," was the soothing reply. "Well, I'd like to know what it's good for?" "For the lawyers," was the answer.

## TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade  
As the sun was going down;  
The German King, with a cavalcade,  
On his way to Berlin Town,

Reined up his steed at the old man's side.  
"My toiling friend," said he,  
"Why not cease work at eventide  
When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;  
"And I am always free;  
Though I work from the time I leave my bed  
Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"  
"Eight groschen," the man replied.  
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"  
"Like a King," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,  
And two for a debt I owe;  
Two groschen to lend, and two to spend  
For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King; said the toiler: "Yea,  
To my mother with age oppressed,  
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,  
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"  
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,  
When I am too feeble to toil any more,  
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.  
"My sisters are old and lame;  
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,  
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes.  
"Thou knowest me not," said he;  
"As thou hast given me one surprise,  
Here is another for thee."

"I am thy King; give me thy hand"—  
And he heaped it high with gold—  
"When more thou needest, I command  
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward  
The man who can proudly say  
That eight souls doth he keep and guard  
On eight poor groschen a day."

—R. W. McAlpine, in *St. Nicholas*.

## HOW THE FOX ESCAPED.

The following amusing incident of a fox's escape from its pursuers comes from Birdsboro', Penn. A fox that had given the hunters a lively chase across the hills from a neighboring town to Birdsboro', where it was being hard pressed by the hounds, escaped in this way.

It had been running along the tow-path of the Schuylkill Canal, and suddenly dashed off toward the river. The dogs followed it, but lost the scent at the river's edge. When the hunters rode up, they discovered a boat near the middle of the river floating down with the current. In the boat, standing on the seat in the stern, was the fox, gazing back at his baffled pursuers with evident satisfaction. One of the hunters discovered another boat on the shore, and, quickly pushing it off, paddled after the boat that was bearing the fox away.

The fox's boat was gradually being carried by the current nearer the opposite shore, and by the time the hunter in his boat was half-way from his starting point to the fox's boat, the latter was within a rod or two of the other side of the river. This seemed to be as much as the fox cared to ask of his boat, and he jumped overboard and swam ashore.

By the time the pursuing hunter reached that shore, the fox was a mile away.

The only explanation that is given of the peculiar combination of fox and boat in the hunt is that the boat was lying loosely on the shore. The fox jumped into it, and the force of his jump sent it out into the stream. He had sense enough to remain in the boat, and the current did the rest.—*Youth's Companion*.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, but one bullfrog makes a spring.—*Lynn Item*.

## THE TRAVELED BUMBLE-BEE.

A bumble-bee belted with brown and gold,  
On a purple clover sat;  
His whiskers were shaggy, his clothes were old,  
And he wore a shabby hat;  
But his song was loud, and his merry eye  
Was full of laughter and fun,  
As he watched the bob-o'-links flutter by,  
And spread his wings in the sun.

A butterfly spangled with yellow and red,  
Came flying along that way;  
He had two little feathers on his head,  
And his coat was Quaker gray;  
He carried a parasol made of blue,  
And wore a purple vest;  
And seeing the bumble-bee, down he flew,  
And lit on a daisy's crest.

Then from the grass by a mossy stone  
A cricket and beetle came;  
One with black garb, while the other shone  
Like an opal's changing flame;  
A swaying buttercup's golden bloom  
Bent down with the beetle's weight,  
And high on a timothy's rounded plume  
The cricket chirruped elate.

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands  
Where tropical rivers flow;  
Of wide seas rolling up shining sands,  
And mountains with crowns of snow;  
Of great broad plains, with flower-gems bright,  
Of forests, whose fragrant glooms  
Showed crumbling ruins, ghostly and white,  
Old forgotten nations' tombs.

Then wisely the beetle winked his eye;  
The cricket grew staid and still,  
The butterfly, in his great surprise,  
Went sailing over the hill;  
The beetle scrambled beneath his stone,  
The cricket, he gave a hop,  
And there the bumble-bee sat alone  
On the purple clover top.

## POWER OF THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

There is no power on earth so arbitrary, so omnipotent, so omniscient and so remorseless as the Russian police. I shall have something more to say about them in a future letter, but stop here to advise every traveler bound for Russia, of whatever age, sex or nationality, to take a passport properly indorsed by the representative of the Russian government at New York or Washington. It will do no harm, and it may be useful to have both, *for the Russian police are of an inquiring frame of mind and lack confidence in human virtue.*

WM. E. CURTIS.

## NOT ALTOGETHER HAPPY.

Prince Bismarck has the gout, phlebitis, rheumatism, neuralgia and seventy-three years.

The health of the King of Holland is very doubtful.

Queen Victoria is in possession of a bronchitis which tires her excessively. The Prince of Wales has influenza. The Duke of Edinburgh, a chronic inflammation. King Otto of Bavaria is mad. The Emperor of Austria suffers from lassitude, his air is gloomy and his nights are restless. The Empress Augusta is paralyzed.

Prince William has a disease of the ear that obliges him to keep his room.

Von Moltke has sciatica, which brings him no income, and eighty-five years.—*Ernest Blum, in the Rappet.*

Good deeds ring clear through the heavens like a bell.—*Richter.*

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

—*E. B. Browning.*



OUR OLD JACK.

## LITTLE NED'S SERMON.

BY MRS. M. E. SANFORD, in *Golden Days*.

LITTLE Ned stood on the steps,  
Talking very fast and loud  
To the noisy hens and chickens,  
Gathered round him in a crowd.  
For he just had thrown their dinner  
Down on the ground below,  
And they chased and scrambled for it,  
Just as chickens will, you know.  
And Neddy had been told,  
At church and Sunday-school,  
About the "law of kindness,"  
And had learned the "golden rule."  
And his little curly noddle  
Thought that naughty hens and chicks  
Should learn, like little children,  
To give up their naughty tricks.  
He soon spied me at the window,  
And came running quick to me.  
"Oh, mamma! they're so selfish,  
And as bad as bad can be.  
"I tried and tried to tell 'em  
How to be good and kind;  
But they wouldn't listen to me.  
And I couldn't make 'em mind.  
"I told 'em that they ought to learn  
To keep the golden rule,  
And lots of other lessons  
I learned at Sunday-school.  
"But they'd chase and pick each other,  
To try and get the best;  
And my little yellow 'Beauty'  
Was as bad as all the rest.  
"And I told 'em 'bout 'Goliath,'  
And 'bout the 'lion's den,'  
And 'bout the 'fiery furnace'  
That burned those wicked men.  
"But it didn't seem to scare 'em,  
For they acted just the same;  
Such naughty hens and chickens—  
Now, isn't it a shame?"  
Then I took the little laddie,  
And tried to make him see  
That hens and little chickens  
Were not made the same as we;  
And they couldn't be expected  
The golden rule to keep;  
But when I got through talking  
Neddy boy was fast asleep.

A WOMAN, in order to decide whether her canaries had eyes for color, placed in their cages two bathing-cups, one of white-ware, the other of pink glass. The birds looked at the two cups critically for an instant, and then both fluttered into the colored one, and since that won't bathe in any other.

(For Our Dumb Animals).

## OUR OLD JACK.

He belongs to us boys, and we drive him as much as we please. He is a very safe animal to drive, for he never runs away. *It is as much as we can do to make him run at all.* A slow walk is his favorite pace.

In the picture you may see us taking a ride in the mule-cart, just as we looked when we were photographed the other day. We wanted to have little Lucy in the picture; so George and I took her on the seat between us, and Harry stood up behind. I took off my hat, you see, because it came right in front of Harry's face.

We all sat still while the picture was taken; and old Jack stood as still as a statue. *Standing still is one of his strong points.* He is not a match for a race-horse in speed; *but he can't be beat at standing still.*

Harry says he should like him better if there were more "go" in him; and so should I. But we like him very well as he is; for he is a good old mule, and gives us many a nice ride.

FRANK.

## A DOG'S SENSE.

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning, upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."  
She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant, conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning?"

"No, dear; I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human; "There'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not sulk away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—*Boston Evening Record.*





Give your horse a very loose check rein or take it off. In Russia, where blinders are never used on horses, a shying horse is almost unknown.

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*Vice-Presidents,*  
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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

#### A QUARREL.

There's a knowing little proverb,  
From the sunny land of Spain;  
But in Northland, as in Southland,  
Is its meaning clear and plain.  
Is it meaning clear and plain.  
Look it up within your heart;  
Neither lose nor lend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,  
Still you'll find it true,  
In a fight without a foe,  
Pray what could you do?  
If the wrath is yours alone,  
Soon you will expend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,  
And the strife begun,  
If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"  
Soon it will be done.  
If but one shall span the breach,  
He will quickly mend it—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
One can always end it.

#### A GOOD WAY TO DO IT.

Recently the Princess Christina of Sweden dined the car-drivers of Stockholm, and read them a lecture on the care of horses.

I took my first lessons in agriculture in driving the cow to pasture, and leading the horse to plough upon the farm; and though fate has led me in other paths, yet there never has been one, there never will be any, where I shall enjoy a purer and more unalloyed pleasure than I did at that period of my life.—*Horace Mann.*

#### Receipts by the Society in May.

##### FINES.

From District Court,—Waltham (2 cases), \$55.  
Police Court,—Springfield, \$1.  
Witness' Fees, \$4. Total, \$60.00.

##### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Wm. W. Warren, \$50; Mrs. Geo. J. Fisk, \$45;  
"A. B.," \$40; Cash, \$25; Mrs. James O. Watson, \$4;  
Chas. W. Stone, \$2; Mrs. G. W. Ellis, \$50.

##### TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. A. P. Peabody, Geo. Kempton, Mrs. Dwight,  
Cambridge Friend, E. M. Brewer.

##### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. James Tolman, Miss A. M. Goodwin, Dr. C. F.  
Folsom, Wellesley Friend, Geo. K. Clarke, Medford  
Friend, Mabel D. Burnham, Mrs. Vinton, J. H. Hecht.

##### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. E. T. Osborn, Miss Josie Adams, Roslindale,  
Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, A. L. Haskell, Mrs. D. F. Hinckley.  
Total, \$297.50.

##### MISSIONARY FUND.

Estate of Lydia B. Harrington, \$500; "F," \$200; A  
Friend, \$25; Philip G. Peabody, \$20; Dalton Friend, \$10;  
M. L. Rockwell, \$4; A Friend, \$2; J. E. Bendixon, \$1;  
Mary F. Lovell, \$1; A Friend, \$50.

##### FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

W. A. Durant, Sarah J. Eddy, Sarah H. Hooker,  
Total, \$778.50.

##### SUBSCRIBERS.

Ella C. Sabin, \$32.50; Keene Humane Society, \$15;  
Sarah J. Eddy, \$14; Wm. P. Stearns, \$10.50; Mrs. W. S.  
Haven, \$4; S. Niles, \$3.25; Sarah E. Colburn, \$3; M. L.  
Kingsley, \$3; Jao. G. Mudge, \$2.75; Geo. H. Springer,  
\$2.49; Herman S. Fay, \$2.25; Mrs. Geo. C. Ewing, \$2;  
Lydia S. Hinckman, \$2; J. J. Wheeler, \$1.50; News  
Agencies, \$1.05.

##### ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Wm. Howland, Alice Stewart Hill, Miss A. D. Fogg,  
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J. E. Nickerson, Miss H. M. Bean, A. M. Hapgood,  
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##### FIFTY CENTS EACH.

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McClure, Dr. W. B. Warren, Mrs. A. J. Sayre, Lucy F.  
Young, Ruth Pierce, Meda Milan.

Total, \$182.09.

##### PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

Sarah J. Eddy, \$16; Mrs. G. T. Fitch, \$9.60; Annie M.  
Dore, \$10.25; Amy D. Fogg, \$6.55; Miss R. L. Rich-  
mond, \$6; Grant Tilden, \$5. All others in sums of less  
than \$5 each, \$61.07.  
Total, \$114.58.  
Interest, \$206.25.

#### BY TREASURER.

Estate Lydia B. Harrington, \$500; estate Ebenezer  
George Tucker, \$467.50.  
Total, \$2,576.82.

#### Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.  
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator Philadelphia, Pa.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.  
Toledo, Ohio. Fourth Annual Report of the Toledo Humane Society, for 1887.  
Brunswick, Germany. Sixth Annual Report of the Brunswick S. P. A., for 1887.  
Florence, Italy. Annual Report of the Royal Society P. A., for 1887.  
Hamburg, Germany. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1887.

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